

Million Dead "Relentless"

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the footnote swallows the page. today new york kind of
looks like beirut, but beirut never looked like new york.
yet new york kind of cuts to the quick as it quickens. the
dispossessed define the dying age. we were so
wrapped up in the internecine strife of the last of the
so-called 'european' centuries, my compadres, that we
didn't see it coming. so the footnote works its way up
from the bottom of the page, filled with a certain
understandable sense of rage at justice
unforthcoming. i have seen two feet standing proud in
the sand, cathedrals worn away by the rain, new dawns
bringing season's change relentless.

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